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## Beethoven, Goethe, and Michael Angelo.\*

(Continued from page 323.)

In his admirable *Biography of Michael Angelo* (at first so violently attacked by the herd of commonplace critics), Hermann Grimm says that the statue of "Dawn," as it is called (in the Medici mortuary chapel) reminds him of a symphony by Beethoven—the reader, he observes, must excuse him for remarking that Goethe, also, was as pleased with the Ludovisi Juno as with a "song by Homer." In his *History of Art* (fourth edition, p. 540) Lübke remarks: "The proper appreciation, the genuine enjoyment of his" (Michael Angelo's) "works, is, as a rule, a difficult task; hence it is generally a lie, whenever any one not profoundly acquainted with art breaks out into commonplace ecstasies over this artist's demoniacal creations, just as the raptures for Beethoven's later Titanic efforts are simply empty babble." This observation is justified by truth. I myself (the reader will excuse me, I trust, for introducing my own sensations), when I first became acquainted with Michael Angelo, on my first Italian journey to Florence and Rome, experienced a kind of scared astonishment; I admired with my whole soul, but I could not love. On my second journey, it seemed as though the scales had suddenly fallen from my eyes, and the effect then produced was simply overwhelming; the first impression had had time to mature in my soul, just as sour fruit becomes, if kept, ripe and sweet.

What the common, trivial intellect of mere art mechanics and critics thought at one time of Beethoven may be gathered from the old notices and correspondence of the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*; Spazier's *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*; the *Morgenblatt*, &c., notices and correspondence of which Lenz has reprinted a portion. But really the acme is attained when, for instance, the critic who first notices the *Eroica* in the *Morgenblatt* most urgently recommends as a model to Herr von Beethoven "the royal magnificence of the A major Symphony, by —— Eberl, a Viennese fifth-rate composer (now forgotten)! With regard to Michael Angelo, we cannot help being amused when we read in Kotzebue's *Journey to Rome and Naples*, that the author found nothing "great but the size" ("nichts gross als die Grösse") — the long marble beard being especially insupportable in his opinion; that, furthermore, the drawing of the "Last Judgment" swarms with coarse faults; here, there is a leg too long; there, an arm too short," &c. Fancy Kotzebue correcting Michael Angelo's drawing—this beats by far Mrs. Lennox pointing out Shakespeare's faults!

If we recollect Michael Angelo's austere and abrupt moral grandeur; the solitude into which, when old, he bashfully withdrew; his ideal friendship for Vittoria Colonna; and his touching love for his brothers, so greatly inferior to him intellectually, the analogous traits in Beethoven's life are very striking indeed. (A second Rochlitz would, probably, go on to remark that Michael Angelo at last became blind, and Beethoven, deaf; Michael Angelo enjoyed the Torso by touching it with the tips of his fingers; Beethoven read Handel's music with his eyes from the score). The positions, too, occupied by both these great men in the history of art certainly offer a remarkable analogy. Michael Angelo (I am employing Lübke's words), "was the first who recklessly broke with the schools, and it was in consequence of this that modern art commenced the dominion of subjectivity." The very same thing applies to Beethoven.

Michael Angelo pursued a short course of study (not quite three years) under Domenico

Ghirlandajo; Beethoven's course of study, also, was short and irregular. The immense genius of both compelled them to create; their masters could not keep up with them: "He can do more than I can," exclaimed Ghirlandajo, on seeing a drawing by his pupil; and Haydn, with anxious solicitude, tried to dissuade Beethoven from printing the C minor Trio, because it left behind it everything to which the public had been accustomed. Michael Angelo created every one of his figures out of his own inward life, he struggled with every one of his motives, and exclaimed, as Job once exclaimed when struggling with the angel: "I will not leave thee unless thou blessest me." In the same way does Beethoven struggle with his musical motives; his "*Thematische Arbeit*" is something very different from that of his predecessors, which is essentially only contrapuntal, outward, and technical; he obtains from his motives, by continually fresh developments, their whole significant purport, their entire power of expression.

But here there is a great difference. Burkhardt (in the *Cicerone*) justly directs attention to the fact, that with Michael Angelo, the motive is always to be felt as such, and not as the most appropriate expression for a given purport. (The reader has only to remember the two Medici tombs, in order to see the great force of this observation.) With Beethoven the motive possesses of itself only a relative value; the principal point is that it shall say what it has to say. While Michael Angelo "is never pretty or pleasing" (Burkhardt) and has a partiality for the Colossal (the lovely angel on the Dominican tomb at Bologna, a youthful work, being the only instance which can be looked upon as an exception), Beethoven can smile and joke musically, and lay the prettiest trifles close to the feet of his Colossi.

A principal element in Beethoven—namely, humor, is altogether wanting in Michael Angelo (I do not regard as a stroke of humor the fact of the poor master-of-the-ceremonies, Biagio, being put in Hell,—if, mind, there is any truth in the whole story). The great Florentine is, too, deficient in Beethoven's tender warmth, and noble, elevated sentiment (for, after all, Michael Angelo's gentlest and most loveable effort, the Delphic Sybil, is a giantess). Beethoven can frequently become good-humored and absolutely jolly (the last comes under the category of humor); it is scarcely more than on one occasion that Michael Angelo makes an attempt at a mild smile—in the picture of the mothers brought by their coaxing and loving children into the most fearful throng (among the ancestors of Christ in the Sixtine).

In approaching the very furthermost limits of the Possible the two masters are true brothers. The unrivaled master of anatomy sometimes presents us with what is impossible anatomically, and the unrivaled master of harmony with what is impossible harmonically. (By this I do not allude so much to the notorious chord in the *finale* of the "Ninth," or the horn in the *Eroica*, which nearly obtained for poor Ries a box on the ear, as, for instance, to an irreconcilable opposition between strings and wind, such as occurs in the 126th bar of the "Scene at the Brook," or the much-discussed passage in the "Lebewohl Sonata," where the tonic harmony and the dominant harmony assert themselves simultaneously. Finally, Michael Angelo, like Beethoven, exercised great influence over subsequent art; the traditions of the schools still existed in Mozart, as they existed in Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Beethoven escaped from them, and set up his own mighty individuality—exactly like Michael Angelo. At present the individual is emancipa-

ted. The old, true tradition from Cimabue down to Raphael, from Dufay down to Mozart, is now merely a fetter binding the pinions of genius. The types of the great and last model are in consequence the more borrowed and copied. But, because those who take them have not produced them from their own inward life, have not gained them from out a struggle with themselves, as their creators did, these types possess the unbearable characteristics of a lie, of what is in itself untrue. Any one desirous of seeing what mischief Michael Angelo did, has only to look at Salvati's "Resurrection" in (in the Belvedere, 1st floor, Cabinet Eight, number of picture, 37, opposite Andrea del Sarto's fine "Pieta").

Especially beautiful is one of the Marys, who, without rhyme or reason, apes the motive of one of the gigantic saints (to the left and close to the Almighty Judge) in the "Last Judgment." This picture bears a remarkable analogy with the Ninth Symphony. Touches, such as the high A of the soprano sustained for thirteen bars, and the angel who allows the shaft of the scourge to be clapped on his stomach, are of the same kidney; they are equally unmeaning, and—equally the work of genius. After the "Last Judgment," just as authors were unable to paint anything smaller than Battles of the Titans, Overthrows of Demons, &c.; just as the "Last Judgment," with its motives, peeps out everywhere (see Brangin's "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," in St. Lorenzo; Bugiardini's St. Catherine, in Maria Novello, at Florence &c.), so, for a long time, no composer ever got his music-paper ready for a symphony without the "Ninth" standing like a bugbear behind him. "Who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Haydn?" is the general cry. I take you at your word, gentlemen; who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Beethoven? Would that you could.

What first came after Raphael and Michael Angelo, and what after Mozart and Beethoven, looks more or less like an aftergrowth—musically we are Epigoni; Wagner strikes me as being a purifying, though anything but a fertilizing storm. But for plastic art new paths were opened, and new triumphal garlands earned (Reubens, &c.), while lastly came the legitimate successors of the great old masters, such men as Karstern, Schick, Wächter, Cornelius, Overbeck, our magnificent Schwind; our virile, splendid Führich, whose only fault consisted in his being too Christian for people; and Kaulbach, whose Battle of the Huns always strikes me as an alliance between Raphael and Michael Angelo, but who, unfortunately, afterwards mistook the right road—and we see where he is. Shall not music blossom in a similar manner at some future time?

In one thing, however, Michael Angelo was more fortunate than Beethoven. No annotators have chosen him as a means of showing how awfully clever they are. As a matter of course, everyone must be able to gather from Beethoven's works (or interpolate in them) whatever pleases him. For instance, in perfect innocence of heart, we looked upon the C minor symphony as a picture of the struggle going on in the recesses of our soul, and of the victory achieved by that soul's Creator; but we were recently informed that Beethoven here intended to present us with an epitome of his political opinions. As, however, every reading is allowable, I beg leave to advance the following: In my opinion, Beethoven did not want to portray his political opinions in a lump, but rather his dissatisfaction at the Continental Blockade, then just introduced by the first Napoleon. Look at the first *allegro* with the double-knock motive , is not that Beethoven at the coffee-house, rapping in vain for some coffee? In the A flat *andante*, flowing

\* From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung."

like sweet honey, the waiter brings him, instead of coffee, a bavaroise; in the defiant C major Beethoven bellows out for his coffee: the waiter looks anxiously around, and, after a time again brings the bavaroise, but this time milled with "Obers." The succeeding *allegro* depicts Beethoven's resignation at having in future to drink chicory-coffee: it is true that it disagrees with him (the fugued theme of the basses), but what can he do? He already thinks of soup made of roasted butter (the conclusion with the weird-like kettle-drum), when—yes—yes—the Continental Blockade is suddenly raised; great stores of coffee arrive from Hamburg; jubilation-finale! I give this interpretation for our Beethoven commentators to think over; they will perceive from it with what respectful admiration I have read and studied their clever essays.

When anything did not suit him, Beethoven was in the habit of heartily laughing at it. His owl-like sapient interpreters would probably have afforded him a fine opportunity for indulging in this propensity. Perhaps his intellectual relative, Michael Angelo, would have helped him!

A. W. AMBROSS.

#### A Study on Sebastian Bach.

(From the "Musical Standard," London.)

It is well known that the family of the Bachs was one of humble origin; it has been traced back, through upwards of a hundred years, to a miller and baker of Presburg. It possessed, however, from the first the earnest of that mighty musical talent which was to render its name for ever notable. Through all the numerous branches of this family there flowed a rich vein of music, which was cherished among them as their greatest treasure, and which, being united with unusual energy and perseverance, raised its owners to honorable positions connected with their art, and caused the name of Bach to be known as organist, choirmaster, cantor, or bandmaster, throughout the regions of Thuringia, Saxony, and Franconia. For many years it was a custom among the Bachs that all the scattered members of their family should meet once in the year—either at Eisenach, Erfurt, or Arnstadt—for the purpose of comparing progress, and for the performance of musical works, often their own compositions, which were afterwards collected and carefully preserved in the family archives. Thus was the present talent cultivated, accumulating until in 1685 was born an heir worthy of such an heritage, one destined to unveil the glories of an art hitherto comparatively but little known; and who in so doing, despite his own extreme modesty, and his carelessness of worldly greatness, would immortalize the name of Bach.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach. His father, a musician, died when he was ten years of age, and he was left an orphan, under the care of his eldest brother, John Christian, to whom he owed his first instructions in music. His intense love of the art seems, however, to have met with little real sympathy or encouragement from his brother; and we read with irrepressible indignation, how, when with undaunted zeal he had labored for six months over the copying of some much-coveted manuscripts of valuable compositions belonging to John Christian, and labored over it by moonlight for fear of discovery (his brother having previously refused to lend them to him), his work was found out, and the transcript ruthlessly taken from him, only to be regained upon his brother's death. This event, which occurred shortly afterwards, left him entirely dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood; and he accordingly obtained a place as treble chorister in the church of St. Michael, Lunebourg. From this place he would often walk to Hamburg, in order to hear Reinken, who was organist there, and whose playing was of much renown. Sebastian retained his place as chorister until his voice broke; he then obtained employment as violinist at the Court of Weimar, and subsequently became organist in Arnstadt, one of the three cities which had witnessed the yearly gathering of his ancestors. While here he labored perseveringly, studying

the works of the best organists of his day, often visiting Lubeck to gain a practical lesson from the celebrated organist Buxtehude; at one time his enthusiasm even led him to spend three months secretly in this city, that he might study more closely the manner and style of the much admired artist. In 1707 he became organist of the church of St. Blasius, Mühlhausen, which appointment he in the following year exchanged for the higher position of organist at the Court of Weimar, where, in 1717, he was appointed director of the Court concerts. The year 1720 saw him made kapellmeister to Prince Leopold, of Anhalt-Koethen, an office of considerable dignity.

Sebastian Bach was now over thirty years of age, but though his pen had been constantly at work, nothing had as yet been given to the world; such was his earnest conscientiousness to the dignity of his art, and so humble his opinion of his own works. He now (in 1722) published the first part of the celebrated work with which his name is so especially connected—the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues." Reinken was still living, but was now far advanced in years; and Bach, who retained all his early admiration of him, now again visited him, this time to kindle by his own genius the enthusiasm of the musician whose playing had so often fired his soul. With earnest attention the old man listened while Bach extemporized for more than an hour on the chorale, "By the waters of Babylon," and then with touching emotion he expressed his joy and gratitude that the cherished art, which he had feared must die with him, had found another and a mightier exponent than himself.

In 1733, J. S. Bach quitted the service of Prince Leopold, to hold the last and most important of his offices, that of Director of Music in St. Thomas's School at Leipsic. His subsequent appointments to be honorary kapellmeister to the King of Poland (Augustus III.) and composer to the Duke of Weissenfels, making little change in his circumstances beyond some increase of income as well as dignity. It was in Leipsic that most of his motets and church cantatas, besides numerous other works, were written. The untiring industry of his youth had now received its reward in the quiet consciousness of power; and his unabating reverence for his art led him to use his genius in composing such music only as should exalt its dignity. Feeling that to compromise his art would be to compromise himself, he allowed no composition of his to pass through the press until he had first subjected it to the severest scrutiny. In teaching, he adhered to those principles which had ever been his guide, and seems to have expected from his pupils an earnest devotion and self-denying conscientiousness similar to his own. Forkel's description of the system and principles on which he based his instruction is so interesting, even in its quaintness, that we think it scarcely necessary to ask the reader's patience while we quote the passage, even should it be already familiar to his mind:

Sebastian Bach considered music entirely as a language, and the composer as a poet, who, in whatever language he may write, must never be without sufficient expressions to represent his feelings. . . . In all exercises of composition, Sob. Bach rigorously kept his pupils—1st, to compose entirely from the mind, without an instrument; 2ndly, to pay constant attention, as well to the consistency of each single part, as and for itself, as to its relation to the parts connected and concurrent with it. No part—not even a middle one—was allowed to break off before it had entirely said what it had to say. Every note was required to have a connection with those preceding it; did any one appear of which it was not apparent whence it came, or whether it tended, it was instantly banished as suspicious. This high degree of exactness in the management of every single part is precisely what makes Bach's harmony a manifold melody. The confused mixture of the parts, so that a note which belongs to the tenor is thrown into the counter-tenor, and the reverse; further, the unreasonable falling in of several notes in simple harmonies, which, as if fallen from the sky, suddenly increase the number of the parts in a single passage, to vanish in the next, and in no manner belong to the whole, is not to be found either in Bach or in any of his scholars. He considered his parts as per-

sons who conversed together like a select company. If there were three, each could sometimes be silent, and listen to the others, till it again had something to the purpose to say. But if, in the midst of the most interesting part of the discourse, some uncalled for and importunate notes suddenly stepped in and attempted to say a word, or even a syllable only, without sense or vocation, Bach looked on this as a great irregularity, and made his pupils comprehend that it was not to be allowed.

It is to be feared that such a "high degree of exactness" in the present day, if brought to bear upon our modern music, would seriously diminish the number of the "new publications" constantly issuing from our ware-houses! Whether such an austere measure as "instant banishment" executed upon all those notes "importunate and uncalled for," which upon impartial examination should be found in them, would be beneficial or not to the musical world is a question which, if raised, would no doubt stir up ceaseless, and perhaps not always amicable discussion; we decline therefore to urge it here, and content ourselves with the expression of a doubt existing in our own mind whether, after such a winnowing of the chaff, there would be found in many of these compositions sufficient grain to authorize their publication consistently with the desire, which should exist in the mind of every publisher as well as composer, like Sebastian Bach, to give to the world such music only as will "end to exalt the dignity of the art." It may be argued that in the present days of ever-increasing activity of mind and life, it is impossible to expect the measured dignity and precision of arrangement exhibited in Sebastian Bach's works: it is unsuited to the present phase of human life. Granted, with certain reservations. We own that we do think it very unlikely that we shall find the dignity of Sebastian Bach, or anything approaching to it, in the great majority of compositions of the present day (we allude more particularly to the mass of so-called "Pieces" for the pianoforte, which, instead of exalting art, tend only to degrade it). We are not, however, contending for obsolete forms and rules of composition (though we cannot agree with Hector Berlioz when he condemns Cherubini's veneration for the authority of "the classics" as an idolatrous surrender of his own judgment); we do not desire that the music even of Sebastian Bach, or Handel, or any other ancient writer, should be played in our concert-rooms and drawing-rooms, to the exclusion of other and more generally attractive works; but we think it would be well if the warning of Cherubini (whom Berlioz could not approve, but Mendelssohn considered "matchless") were more widely known and heeded: "Whatever the piece composed—so that it be well conceived, regular, and conducted with good intention—it should, without bearing precisely the character and form of a fugue, at least possess its spirit."

We have wandered away from the days of Bach, and have taxed our reader's patience beyond what we had intended when we asked his attention to our quotation from Forkel's work; but it will serve now as a connecting link between the above remarks and our present "Study," to remark that, though Bach's own works were all of the strictest style, he could still appreciate works of a lighter description, and was in the habit of going often to Dresden to hear and enjoy the light and pretty operas of Hasse, then performing in that city.

The name of John Sebastian Bach was now known far and wide; but there was yet one more laurel to be added to his wreath ere he should be summoned to obtain the fulness of the knowledge which he had as yet, after all, known but "in part."

The throne of Prussia was at this time (1747) occupied by a music-loving monarch, and Emmanuel, the second son of Sebastian Bach, was his chamber musician. Frederic II., himself a skilful amateur performer, desired greatly to hear the far-famed organist, and Bach was persuaded by his son to visit Potsdam. Immediately on his arrival he was summoned to the palace, where the monarch received him with an enthusiastic welcome. There he played and extemporized before a delighted audience, working up a sub-

ject given him by the king, upon which subject he afterwards based an elaborate work dedicated to Frederic II., in memory of the evening. This was the last notable event in the life of the great musician. He returned to Leipsic, and there three years later he breathed his last, after an illness of six months, brought on, it is supposed, by the powerful remedies unavailing used to relieve him of the total blindness from which he suffered. Ten days before his death he suddenly regained his sight, but only to take a farewell view of the sunlight which had so often shone upon his labor, and then to close his eyes again, in hope of the "resurrection of the just." He died in the year 1750, at the age of sixty-six.

Sebastian Bach was a zealous Lutheran; his church music was therefore chiefly written for a Protestant service, though he wrote also for the Church of Rome. In his sacred cantatas he loved to interlink those grand old chorales which had so often been the solace of the great Reformer of his Church. Strange that within that very city of Eisenach should be born, two centuries later, the mighty musician who should take up those time-honored strains, and in giving them a nobler and more enduring form, secure to his Church an echo of her beloved Luther's voice, and gain for himself the honorable title of "The Musician of the Reformation!"

In all the relations of life—as a husband, a father, and a friend—the character of Sebastian Bach is free from reproach. His distinguishing characteristics were—the great simplicity of his mind and habits, and his total freedom from any personal vanity. He never sought popular applause, nor desired publicity; he devoted himself to the care and education of his large family, and lived a quiet, sunny life of genial contentment. Nothing could induce him in any way to traffic with his art, or to bring his music down to his audience. He was ever true to his own standard of right, and in all his compositions self-satisfaction was his aim, and thus he constantly revised and corrected his works, until he left them models for all future time. His music is specially remarkable for the purity of his part-writing, and the power of his counterpoint. He employed passing notes more freely than any writer had hitherto done, and introduced a new and more convenient system of fingering. Industry was his chief teacher, and his principles of composition seem to have been greatly formed from the study of Vivaldi's writings: he would speak of these as having been his guide. He himself said that work had been the secret of his strength, and was wont to define genius as "a long Patience." Thus did even the greatest of musicians search for the knowledge of his art as for "hidden treasure;" and, in truth, he found a high reward.

#### ANGLO-SAXON.

#### Sims Reeves.

This eminent tenor was born at Woolwich in the year 1821. So rapid was his progress in music, that before he had reached his fourteenth year he was a clever performer on several instruments, and tolerably versed in the theory of composition. At this early age he was appointed organist and director of the choir at the church of North Cray in Kent. Not only did he worthily fulfil the duties of his office, but in addition composed some chants and anthems that were highly creditable to his talents. Meanwhile, he assiduously continued his study of the theory of music, and took lessons on the pianoforte of the celebrated John Cramer. Whilst engaged as organist at North Cray, it was discovered that he had a voice of magnificent quality and great strength. He was immediately placed under a professor of singing, and by the advice of his friends exclusively devoted his energies to this branch. He made his first appearance at Newcastle in his nineteenth year, in the baritone parts of Rodolpho, in the *Sonnambula*, and of Dandini in *Cenerentola*. His debut was a complete success, although he had mistaken the character of his voice. He next visited the chief towns of Ireland and Scotland, in each acquiring fame. His friends and the public looked upon him as a finished singer; but he had too keen a conception of musical perfection to be satisfied with his style and knowledge. He accordingly visited Paris, and studied under some of the best masters. When he returned to this country he appeared in the provinces and in Ireland. The provincial public and the provincial press were equal-

ly loud in their laudations. London managers were eager to secure such an invaluable prize. Tempting offers were made to him, but were positively and firmly declined. Mr. Reeves was determined to visit Italy, to perfect himself still more in his favorite art. Arrived at Milan, he took lessons of Mazzucato, one of the most distinguished masters of that city. In a short time he appeared at the Scala in the character of Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. His fortune was now made. The sweetness of his voice, his brilliant execution, his vocal power, and his dramatic talent, electrified the audience. He had worked hard, and waited patiently, and his triumph was now complete. He remained at Milan two years, during which time he pursued his studies with ardor.

At this period M. Jullien was getting together a company for an operatic season at Drury Lane. He offered Mr. Reeves an engagement, which was accepted, for the time had arrived when he felt that he might appear before a London audience triumphantly. He made his debut at Drury Lane on the 6th of December, 1847, and selected for this occasion the part of Edgardo. The theatre was crowded to hear the English singer who had gained such success in Italy. The house received him with enthusiasm, and the next day the press confirmed the favorable verdict in terms of hearty and unqualified praise. The only other opera he appeared in during the season, and in which he sustained his first original character, was Balfe's *Maid of Honor*.

In 1848, Mr. Reeves appeared at her Majesty's theatre, and proved that he was fully equal to any Italian tenor on the stage. In the following year he appeared at the Norwich festival, and in the winter concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and showed that he was quite as capable of singing the superb compositions of Handel and Mendelssohn, as he was of doing justice to operatic music. In classical and sacred music he is indeed unrivaled. In the spring of 1851 he visited Paris, and appeared at the Italian opera as Ernani, with Signora Crivelli as Elvira. His singing and acting produced quite a *furore*. The French critics, not easily satisfied, compared him advantageously with the celebrities of the lyric stage. It is impossible to follow this gifted singer throughout his career of artistic triumphs; suffice it that no other Englishman has appeared successfully as the first tenor at the leading theatres of England, France, and Italy. Much of the above information has been derived from an excellent biography in the *Illustrated News* of some few years back.

E. F. R.

#### Mr. Robert K. Bowley.

Those who for some thirty years past, have been among the figures most familiar to musical London are rapidly disappearing from the scene. The Sacred Harmonic Society has lost two of its oldest, most valuable and energetic members: its venerable President, Mr. Harrison, who died the other day, at a very advanced age, and Mr. Robert Bowley, to whose shrewdness, energy of persistence, and thorough habits of business is largely due its present high—we might say unparalleled—position among the musical societies of Europe. Napoleon the First tumultuously called England "a nation of shopkeepers." Ours, in more than one notable instance, have done for Music that which the aristocratic and opulent, at home and abroad, with all their superiority of wealth, refinement, and intellectual training, have failed to accomplish. The Antient Concerts, though to the last upheld by our Prince Consort, our Wellington, relative to Lord Mornington, and like him keenly alive to the pleasures of music, Lord Howe, Lord Darnly, Lord Dartmouth, and other amateurs no less distinguished and liberal, were virtually swept from the face of musical London by the Exeter Hall Oratorios.

These began queerly enough; though with a certain earnest of purpose, excellent to note in men otherwise so practically occupied; whereas the *dilettanti*, who ruled the Antient Concerts, had only rank, leisure, taste, and money on their side. The indigenous voices of London called out to make a chorus were anything but rich and tuneful thirty-five years ago. The "Antients" drew their supplies from Lancashire; and those were days when the journey from Lancashire to London was an affair of some eight-and-twenty hours. But a few tradesmen in the west end of London were resolved to have music of their own, and to Mr. Harrison, in St. James's Street, and Mr. Bowley, at Charing Cross, was mainly due the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society. For a time this body may have been said to exist rather than to flourish. Nevertheless, by its appeal to popular favor, and its courage as superseding the old intolerable playhouse oratorios which were no longer to be endured by persons of any artistic culture, the Sacred Harmonic Society began to excite curiosity, attention, and respect; and its promoters were wise

enough to profit by the strictures which the imperfection of their performances excited, to strengthen their orchestra, and to weed their chorus. A hampering influence, however, existed in the person of the original conductor, who, however well-intentioned, was, in no respect, equal to the situation. After a time, Mr. Surman and the Society separated, and the latter was placed in the hands of Sir Michael Costa. The result was at once immediate and progressive. Before many years were over, the Sacred Harmonic Society was strong enough to lend a well-drilled squadron of musicians to provincial performances, to gather a library, to establish a benevolent fund, and, lastly, to lead up to those stupendous gatherings at the Crystal Palace, which, when all in their disfavor regarding the vastness of their locality is said, remain, and will remain, in musical history, as among the most magnificent displays of art ever seen in Europe. The greatest share in this progress and prosperity is, beyond question, due to the shrewd foresight, energy, and administrative power of Mr. Bowley. Without such an organization, the Sydenham Oratorios would have been so many chaotic failures.

It is not to be wondered at that the directors of that preposterous building (for preposterous it is with all its magnificence) should be naturally attracted by the skill in generalship to which allusion has been made. In a lucky hour, the management of the Crystal Palace was, fourteen years ago, placed in the hands of Mr. Bowley. The right man was in the right place. He was firm, indefatigable, ingenious, of unimpeachable probity. Never was there an officer at once more resolute in carrying out his plans, yet more willing to receive suggestions, always at his post, always with a resource at hand in case of difficulty. Hence, he was habitually called in and consulted whenever any great celebration was to be organized. In brief he was an excellent and remarkable example of administrative powers such as are given to few, and which entitle his name to a permanent record in the history of English exhibitions of art.

Such a life, however, as his is not to be led with impunity. The incessant strain on every nerve and every faculty, the honest resolution to fulfil every duty of a most onerous stewardship, could not but have told on one of greater physical power and a healthier habit of body than himself. It had been obvious, for some time past, that Mr. Bowley's health was beginning to give way, but the end was hastened by the decease of his friend and comrade of many years standing, Mr. Harrison. The mind finally lost its balance, and a few days ago his life was sadly closed by a catastrophe, the details of which have been too largely laid before the public to be dwelt on here. It is enough for the present to insist that in the position he occupied, and for the duties he undertook, Mr. Bowley was emphatically a rare man, whose place will not be soon, if it be ever, filled.—*Musical World*.

#### Something about the Composer and the Writer of the Song "Die Wacht am Rhein."\*

Wilhelm, born on the 5th September, 1815, at Schmalkalden, in Thuringia, received his first musical instruction from his father, who was an organist. He continued his studies in the years 1834-36 at Cassel, under Baldewein and Bott, *Musikdirektoren*, and also under the celebrated old master, L. Spohr, whose amiable readiness to assist him exercised a great influence on the progress of the industrious youth. His further studies he pursued under that admirable master of pianoforte playing, Alois Schmidt, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and studied counterpoint under Herr A. André, at Offenbach. In 1841, he settled at Crefeld, and began as a music master. His musical value was appreciated in educated circles there, and he was soon elected director of the Singacademie for mixed chorus, as well as of the Liedertafel. The latter raised itself so much under his direction, that it equalled the best associations for male singing in Germany. During his twenty-four years' residence at Crefeld, Wilhelm composed about one hundred of his most celebrated pieces for piano; one voice; and mixed chorus; and, more especially, a chorus of male voices. We will here mention only "Frühlingszeit," "Walldlust," "An der Wacht," "Mädchen, wenn ich von Dir ziehe," &c. But he was most inspired as a composer by patriotic words. Thus, in the year 1854, the "Wacht am Rhein" sprang into life.

In 1865, on the occasion of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, Müller von der Werre said, somewhere in his writings, that this grand patriotic effusion had not only made the round of land and sea, but was regularly established as a national song. The German

\* From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung."

man nation has, in 1870, confirmed the assertion. In consequence of long and frequent illness, Wilhelm was compelled, to the great regret of his many friends, when he was only about fifty-five, to retire from the direction of the vocal association—though the step cost him a great effort. In 1865, he was induced by still more severe sicknesses, and a yearning for his native hills, to give up his long disinterested efforts for the Liedertafel, and return to Schmallenberg, where he at present resides. Unfortunately, the feeling of oppression caused by the death of his mother, an old lady of eighty-three, which occurred three years since, and by the newly awakened longing to revisit Crefeld, for so many years his second home, has permitted him but too rarely to indulge in fresh musical creations. He produced, however, in 1868, a magnificent chorus for male voices—"Wache auf, Deutschland" (words by Emil Ritterhaus), with the burden, "Kein Fuss weit von dem Deutschen Lande soll je Französisch werden." (Not a foot's breadth of German soil shall ever become French.) It is no doubt included in a collection of twelve patriotic songs for chorus of male voices, of which an edition of ten thousand copies, under the title "1870," is published by M. Schloss, Cologne, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, and of the relatives of those who have fallen.—At present it has been established by documentary evidence that it was Max Schneckenburger, who wrote the words of "Die Wacht am Rhein." His widow, who lives at Thalheim, near the Tüttlingen, Wurtemberg, possesses a letter from Schneckenburger, to whom she was then engaged, in which he enclosed her the words of the song, written at the request of some friends. Max Schneckenburger was born on the 17th February, 1819, at Thalheim, where his father was a tradesman. As far back as his fifteenth year, he exhibited his turn for poetry by writing poems, which he had printed, a step that, according to the *Schwäbischer Merkur*, he afterwards regretted often enough. He was a well-educated and very well-read man, and made a select collection of books, which are still in the possession of his widow. He died, when thirty, in 1849, at Burgdorf, near Berne, where he was established in business, and where he founded some ironworks. His eldest son is a rifleman in the Wurtemberg division of the German army.

**LA MARSEILLAISE.**—The New York *Sun* has the following:

The Hymn of Liberty, proscribed during Louis Bonaparte's twenty years' Reign of Terror, again resounds throughout France as of old, enkindling the valor and patriotism of her sons. Attention being again specially directed to this wonderful war lyric, accounts of its origin are published which are not altogether trustworthy. It was composed in 1792 by Rouget de Lisle, and I happen to possess what may be a rare musical work, which gives the composition and the story of its birth from the composer's own hand. This work, like musical publications generally, bears no date, but was evidently published in the early part of this century. It is the complete author's edition of the songs, fifty in number, of Rouget de Lisle, and has this title: "Cinquante Chants Français. Paroles de différents auteurs. Mises en musique avec accompagnement de piano par Rouget de Lisle, A Paris, chez Carli, Boulevard Montmartre No. 14. Prix, 50 fr." In a note the composer states that all of these songs except one, No. 29, a Hymn of Liberty, were composed by himself. The Marseillaise Hymn, No. 23 of the collection, is prefaced by the following words, which I translate literally:

"No. 23.

#### "HYMNE DES MARSEILLAIS.

"I wrote the words and the air of this song at Strasbourg during the night which followed the declaration of war at the end of April, 1792. Called at first the Song of the Army of the Rhine, it reached Marseilles by the way of a constitutional journal conducted under the auspices of the illustrious and unfortunate Dietrich. When it made such an explosion [sic] some months afterward I was wandering in Alsace under the burden of dismissal from office, incurred at Huningue for having refused my adhesion to the catastrophe of the 10th-August, and was pursued by immediate proscription, which in the following year, at the commencement of the terror, threw me into the prisons of Robespierre, whence I was only liberated after the 9th Thermidor.

R. de L."

The above is probably the only authentic account of the production of the immortal Marseillaise from the pen of its inspired author-composer, and possesses accordingly a peculiar interest.

E. P. F.

New York, Sept. 14, 1870.

#### Mme. Sainton-Dolby's Farewell Concert.

[A friend sends us the following slip from a London paper, without date]

At her annual concert given in St. James's Hall yesterday afternoon, Mme. Sainton-Dolby bade farewell to the public she has so long and faithfully served. We have not enough great English artists to make the retirement of one an event of no consequence, and therefore yesterday's leave-taking had a legitimate claim upon attention. But, because it was the leave-taking of Mme. Sainton-Dolby, a claim not only legitimate, but special, was superadded. Few artists can boast a career so long, so uniformly successful, and so intimately connected with the progress of English music in its highest forms. Few artists, let us add, have held a prominent place with more rightful pretensions, or have shown themselves better fitted by ability, conscientiousness, and zeal to minister to the public pleasure. For these reasons we are justified in regarding Mme. Sainton-Dolby's farewell as one of particular significance, and in treating it accordingly.

Mention has already been made of the uniform success enjoyed by our English contralto; and it may be interesting to note that success attended her at the very beginning of her professional life. Charlotte Dolby had not been long in the Royal Academy of Music—we speak now of events that took place thirty-six years ago—before she was chosen as one of the semi-chorus in connection with the Ancient Concerts. Whatever the value of the Ancient Concerts to their patrons and the public, there can be little doubt that to the enthusiastic girl-student they were worth much. Malibran, Grisi, Caradori, Mario, Rubini, Bramah, Tamburini, Lablache—in short, every available great artist of the time—sang at those exclusive gatherings; and the singing of each, we need scarcely add, was a lesson for the young chorist who so soon became eminent herself.

In 1837 Miss Dolby gained the King's scholarship at the Royal Academy; and in 1840-41 she made her first tour (under the management of Mr. Henry Blagrove, and accompanied by Miss Bruce and Lindley, the violoncellist) to the provinces, where she was destined to find so many admirers. About this time also Miss Dolby first sang at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society—concerts from which, during thirty years, she was never absent an entire season. Her relations with this great society are now unique for long duration and unswerving constancy. Moreover they were the origin of reminiscences which must have a place among those she cherishes with special fondness. It was at a concert in Exeter Hall that Miss Dolby made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who, delighted with her rendering of the lovely air from "St. Paul," "But the Lord is mindful," asked an introduction to his English interpreter. The friendship thus happily begun was not less happily continued; for, in the same year (1849), Miss Dolby fulfilled an engagement at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, then under the joint directorship of Mendelssohn and Gade.

In 1846, as every reader of musical history knows, Mendelssohn was busy with his last great work, "Elijah," in regard to which, and in connection with Miss Dolby, an anecdote is told that has never, so far as we know, appeared in print. At a dinner to which both the composer and the singer were invited, Mendelssohn apologized for being late, on the ground that "Elijah" had detained him, and added, "I have sketched the bass part, and now for the contralto." Some interest was naturally expressed in the latter by the English guest, upon which Mendelssohn rejoined, "It will suit you very well, for it is a true woman's part, half-angel, half-devil." The master's definition may have been wrong, but his prediction was right. The contralto music of "Elijah" has suited Mme. Sainton-Dolby to some purpose; and, let us add, she has, in an equal degree, suited it. That she did not take part in the memorable Birmingham Festival of 1847, when the last great oratorio was produced, is a matter of history; but it is no less a matter of fact that she very speedily became Mendelssohn's accepted interpreter. At the successive performances of "Elijah" in Exeter Hall, under the composer's own direction, Miss Dolby sang the contralto airs, and Mendelssohn's impulsive words, "Thank you, from my heart, Miss Dolby," after, "O, rest in the Lord," are never likely to be forgotten by her to whom they were addressed. From that time to the present Mme. Sainton has occupied the post of first English contralto, with how much credit to herself and advantage to the public we need not say. To discuss the merits of the artist at whose career we have just glanced would be superfluous. They are known and appreciated by everybody who takes the slightest interest in musical matters; and the remembrance of them will be cherished in proportion to their rarity.

Coming now to yesterday's concert, it will be assumed that St. James's Hall was crowded by a sympathetic audience, to whom Mme. Sainton's farewell was of greater interest than a capital programme and a long array of artists. Mme. Monbelli, Mme. Sincero, Mme. Volpini, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Gassier contributed the foreign element indispensable to the success of all great concerts during the London season; but their doings need not detain us, the pieces sung being quite as familiar as the singers. What was done by the English artists deserves more attention, if only because three songs from Mme. Sainton's own pen fell to their lot. These were, "The Village Bridge" (Mr. Lewis Thomas), "A Bridal Song" (Mr. W. H. Cummings), and "Marjorie's Almanac" (Miss Edith Wynne)—works which fairly represent the composer's ability, and which, admirably rendered, made as good an effect as anything in the programme. Other songs were given by Mme. Sherrington, Miss Angèle, Messrs. Byron, Maybrick, and Santley; the London Glee and Madrigal Union pleasantly varying the proceedings with contributions from their favorite repertory. We must not forget to mention also that M. Sainton played with Mr. Walter Macfarren a set of three romances for violin and piano by the latter gentleman, and joined Messrs. Benedict and Lemmens in Gounod's meditation on Bach's first prelude, doing both in the excellent way for which he is distinguished. The *bénéficiare* sang four times, two of her pieces being sacred and two secular. That she was received with applause, again and again renewed, we need hardly say; and, as though stimulated to a special effort, Mme. Sainton sang in a manner that deepened the regret of parting. Rarely has she given Handel's "What though I trace" ("Solomon") with more expressive power or greater perfection of style. As much might be said with regard to the "Evening Prayer" from "Eli," the pathos and tenderness of which could not have been surpassed. In Claribel's "Children's Voices," and "Caller Herrin," Mme. Sainton was heard to the special advantage becoming the occasion; and in all she earned applause, recalls, and encores that most emphatically marked the approbation and sympathy of her audience. In fine, let us say that worthy of Mme. Sainton's public career was her leaving it.

"Truth will stand when a' things failin'," declares the Scotch ditty with which Mme. Sainton made her final bow; and the line serves to remind us that, though the artist has quitted the platform, the truth of her example and precept may still guide her successors. "Go home, Mme. Sainton," observed Rossini, after hearing the English contralto sing a Handelian air—"go home, and teach others to phrase like yourself." It is to be hoped that, in the capacity indicated by the illustrious composer, Mme. Sainton will for many years serve the cause of art; but, anyhow, she will enjoy in her retirement the esteem of the public, to whom she has been such a faithful servant.

#### A Nilsson Concert and How a New York Soprano Enjoyed it.

(Correspondence of the Springfield Republican).

New York, Saturday, Oct. 1.

I have been to hear Nilsson, and I am constrained to write to somebody about it. To hear the Nightingale who is enchanting the new world after compelling the homage of the old, was to me an event worth recording. I remember, when music was just opening some of her temple doors to me, what a grievous grief it was to my soul when I missed hearing Jenny Lind. How I hungered and thirsted after her! The divinest priestess of that holy place she has ever remained in my imagination, though I have since heard many of the world's acknowledged great ones in musical art. The wonderful vocalism and clear elocution of Sontag are still fresh in my memory. Then the conscientious, thorough and powerful LaGrange; the thrilling and terrible Penco, who almost paralyzed the French critics with her great Italian passion; the unrivaled Titius; the pyrotechnical Patti (Carlotta) and the marvellous little Adelina; and how I have luxuriated in the large, classical, ever-satisfying sostenuto of Parepa. But all these with the hosts of other lesser lights,—the Piccolomini, the Guzzanigas, the Kelloggs, etc., were forgotten, they and their works together, at Steinway hall, yesterday afternoon.

The newspaper accounts have been somewhat conflicting, and there has been no tumult as of yore about the "divine Jenny;" nor has there been any of the enthusiasm which has prevailed when some lesser artists have appeared among us; so one can hear Nilsson unprejudiced and judge of her unbiased. Yesterday, I took my place among the large audience in a more passive state than I remember being

in on any occasion of the kind. I did not expect to be astonished nor to be overwhelmingly delighted, though one could but expect a great musical feast from such a combination of crowned talent.

The orchestra, made up of familiar faces and instruments, was led by the heroic Maretz, grown gray in the service of an exacting public and spoiled prima donnas. The impresario wields his baton with the slightest movement compatible with marking the time, but concentrating in his short, unobtrusive motions the most surprising amount of nervous energy and magnetic command. I did not discover the black eye and pummeled nose that the notorious R. R. R. g-e is said to have given him, but I could not help regarding the veteran dealer in high art with new respect when recalling the figure of the wholesale merchant in low art at the Grand Opera house. The failures of Max to get rich out of the magnificent material with which he has been enriching the public these twenty years, became honorable in comparison with the personal successes of him who robs the public and degrades its morals with his diabolical "Temptations."

The gay overture to "Fra Diavolo" always puts one in fine spirits, and it was yesterday exhilarating in its freshness and completeness of rendering. The old favorite tenor Brignoli, and the new baritone Verger seemed very acceptable to the audience in the popular duet from "Belisario," but the new singer seemed to me wonderfully like Sydney Smith's dog, "extraordinary ornary," while Brignoli has certainly a voice of delicious sweetness and power, with a genuine Italian warmth in his tone; his art (tell it not in Gath) is sometimes poor, and on this occasion I was sorry to hear the same old conventional tricks that we've all outgrown. Our new American contralto, Miss Anna Louise Cary, brings an effective voice, a good school and an agreeable person—a combination of pleasant things. The quality of her voice, with all due deference to the critic who pronounced it Italian, is nevertheless American. It is like hundreds of voices in New England, with the added grace of culture. It reminds one slightly of Miss Phillips, though it is less powerful, and less distinguished in quality, and possesses none of the dramatic element of that artist's voice. She sang the great contralto song from "Semiramide," showing excellent ability in vocalization; but when encored, "Kathleen Mavourneen" was rendered with rather ordinary style and expression. Miss Cary is a blonde and good looking, not in her "premiere jeunesse," certainly, but young enough to achieve still more in art than she has already done.

Vieuxtemps, the king of the violin! At his feet I should lay down my pen. Such poetry breathes from under his enchanted fingers! What delicacy! What wonders of execution! How flowing the cantabile, how crisp the staccato, how swift the corsceating scales! What an amazing amount of ornamentation always subordinate to the main musical idea! The strong, pure, human-like tones—all these wonders one must hear to conceive. Of the performance of Miss Anna Mehlig on the piano forte, I who am not a great lover of that instrument can only say, her delightful music made me forget both performer and piano, a pleasure not often experienced in listening to that unpoetical instrument.

So much for the magnificent concomitants; but, great and satisfactory as they were, the centre of desire, the acme of enjoyment must of course be Nilsson. And what shall I say of her? Some persons have expressed disappointment in her. A lady who sat next me said, "I heard her in Paris; she is not comparable with Adelina Patti." Fourth or fifth on the programme she came, a tall, graceful figure, apparently unfettered by whalebones, dressed in a flesh-colored silk, court train, with blue and white striped satin petticoat, corsage *a la Pompadour* and coat sleeves. Her blonde hair was arranged in a large coil of braids, not high above her forehead, nor low on her neck, but at a point admirably suiting the contour of her finely shaped head. Her face as she turned toward the strong light was lovely indeed, an expression of almost ineffable sweetness, harmonizing with a simplicity and unconsciousness of manner, wholly charming. This was Nilsson as I surveyed her from my distant point, waiting breathlessly for the finishing of the organ, piano, and flute prelude to Gounod's beautiful "Ave Maria." The opening phrase of the song "Ave Maria" was so softly delivered that for a moment I questioned whether my great distance from the stage did not produce an effect not intended by the singer; but as the soft, sweet notes followed in the melody, clear and perfect, I began to feel the power of perfectly musical tones. Refinement and delicacy, combined with a penetration which makes it omnipresent, were the first apparent qualities of this wonderful voice; but as the song went on and the earnestness of the prayer increased, the volume of those sweet sounds grew to a surprising

power, at the same time losing none of their unique beauty. Here was a perfect voice; but it seemed to me that a reverent use had made this perfectness. The fine gift of nature had not been sacrificed in a reckless straining after startling effects, but conscientious care had resulted in absolute purity of tone. I thought her conception highly intelligent; her expression is not passionate but spiritual. In the familiar song from "Lucia di Lammermoor" one finds a new quality, as though the character had become clothed with higher attributes than we had known before. The strong Italian fervor of mere passion I believe Nilsson does not possess; hers is rather intellectual and spiritual. In "The Last Rose of Summer" there was a tenderness combined with this elevated quality, which made it supremely lovely.

Her roulades, trills and all accessory ornamentation are given with exceeding clearness and beauty. There is indeed "not one unpleasant tone in her voice." Loud or soft, high or low, her entire range is mellifluous as a dove. In the song, with flute accompaniment, where she sings sometimes in unison and sometimes in harmony with that instrument, her tones were the sweeter, though she was doubtless accompanied by a master. In short, to one entranced with this dear nightingale, she seemed, indeed, as she curved her neck gracefully toward her shoulder, and leaned in a marked manner toward the stage, like some pure bird informed with intelligence, pouring out for us coarser mortals a new strain of divine melody.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.**—The fifteenth series, to commence on Saturday the first of October, will comprise twenty-six concerts—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the first concert of the second portion to take place on the 21st of January, and the last on the 22nd of April. The performances will be conducted by Mr. Manns, whose benefit concert will be held on the 29th April. The band and chorus will be the same as during last season, and the programmes selected on the same principles. That the same standard work of the great masters will be performed with all possible care, new works of importance brought forward when practicable, and every endeavor made to maintain the reputation of the Crystal Palace Concerts, may be taken for granted.

The present year being the hundredth year of the anniversary of the birth of Beethoven (born at Bonn on the 17th December, 1770), a more than usual prominence is to be given to his works in the first twelve concerts of the series. It is intended to perform the nine symphonies, with such overtures, concertos, and other compositions, vocal and orchestral, as can be conveniently introduced; and that all which intimate acquaintance, affectionate study, and careful rehearsal can do will be done to put these immortal works before the subscribers in a fuller and finer light even than hitherto, and thus to do honor to the memory of the great master, may safely be counted on in advance. On one of the Saturdays the performance is to consist of *Fidelio*, in English, produced in the new theatre.

**\* THE FIRST "FLORESTAN."** The *Orchestra* of Sept. 30, has the following:

In our obituary of to-day we chronicle the death of one who formed one of the last few links that still bind us to the classical period of music. The name of Joseph Augustus Roeckel is well known in the musical world in connection with the first introduction of the masterpieces of German opera into this country, whilst its owner's intimate friendship with Beethoven, and the fact of his having been the original *Florestan* in "*Fidelio*," are matters of history, which will ensure a short sketch of his life being interesting to our musical readers.

Born August 28th, 1783, in Neuburg vom Wald, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally destined for the Church, the subject of our memoir enjoyed a classical education, which stood him in good need when, in his twentieth year, he exchanged theology for a diplomatic career, and entered the service of the then Elector of Bavaria as Secretary of Légation at Salzburg. At the breaking out of the war between Bavaria and Austria in 1804, and the subsequent recall of the Salzburg Legation, young Roeckel accepted a tempting offer from the Impresario of the Court theatre at Vienna (who had heard him sing at an amateur operatic performance) to fulfil an engagement as primo tenore at the Imperial Opera. His success at Vienna was so great as to determine him to adopt definitively the operatic career, and it was

at the commencement of this (in the summer of 1805) that his assumption, and indeed "creation," of the part of *Florestan* in "*Fidelio*" gained him the friendship of Beethoven, a friendship which lasted until the great composer's death.

In 1823 Francis the First appointed Roeckel to the professorship of singing at the Imperial Opera, and in this capacity the excellence of his method was demonstrated by a list of distinguished pupils, foremost amongst whom was the celebrated Henrietta Sontag. In 1828 Roeckel obeyed a call to Aix-la-Chapelle as Director of the Opera, and in the following year he conceived and executed the idea of introducing German opera into Paris by means of a composite German *personale*.

In consequence of the great success of this venture—the electric effect produced by his chorus being particularly remarkable—our director remained in Paris until 1832, when he was induced by Monk Mason, the then Impresario of the Italian Opera at the King's Theatre, to try the same experiment in London.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember the enthusiasm evoked by this first introduction of German opera to the metropolis, and the profound impression created by the first representation of "*Fidelio*," "*Der Freischütz*," and other—then novel—masterpieces of the German school, with a cast including Schröder-Devrient as *prima donna*, Hitzinger as *primo tenore*, and the great Hummel (Roeckel's brother-in-law) as conductor.

In 1835 Professor Roeckel retired from operatic life, but continued his career of musical usefulness in this, his adopted country, for many years after; indeed, it was not until 1853 that he finally returned to his native land to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his active and eventful life.

On the 19th inst., at the ripe age of 87, our old friend gently fell asleep, bearing with him the affectionate remembrance of all those who had been fortunate enough to become acquainted with his kindly, genial disposition, and to appreciate his high moral worth.

**ALFRED NICHOLSON.** The *Athenaeum* pays the following tribute to a gentleman with whom we once had the pleasure to ride from Birmingham to London (it was after the Musical Festival of 1861, in which he had borne part in the orchestra), and whose conversation, full of refined taste and of intelligent interest alike in art and in the advanced thought of the age we remember still with pleasure.

The obituary of last week records the recent death, at Leicester, of Mr. Alfred Nicholson, aged forty-eight, after his having for some years been withdrawn from public duty by a wearing and hopeless illness. The choice of his instrument—the oboe—is one which may be said to limit the player to orchestral or concerted performances; but in these the excellence and value of Mr. Nicholson were well known, and honorable to his master, M. Barret. As a man, he was of a genial nature,—one who cherished refined tastes and fancies, besides those of his own art: in brief, belonging to the company of contemporary English players, who, so far as manners and culture are concerned, have most acceptably replaced those of the preceding generation in this country. The sufferings of his last years were kindly ministered to, and, as far as possible, alleviated by his friends and comrades in art. But this was no exception to a well-known rule. The unobtrusive kindness and liberality of musician to brother musician, in the hour of trial and decay, cannot be over-estimated, and should never be forgotten by those protesting against the ascetics, happily diminishing in number, who have been used to decry a gracious and lovely art as one which necessarily demoralizes its professors.

**VIENNA.**—The Beethoven Centenary Festival will commence on the 16th December next. The following is the programme:—Friday, the 16th December, *Fidelio*; Saturday, the 17th, afternoon, in the rooms of the Society of the Friends of Music, grand concert, comprising:—Prologue; Ninth Symphony; Playing by Mme. Schumann and Mme. Gompertz-Bettelheim; Sunday, the 18th, morning, in the same locality, *Missa Solemnis*; evening, grand banquet; Monday, the 19th, morning, in the same locality, Concert of Chamber Music; evening, at the Imperial Theatre, *Egmont*.—Among the Beethoven MSS. in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music, there are the fragments of a Violin Concerto with orchestra accompaniment. The introductory movement is completed, and a large part of the *Allegro*; quite enough, in fact—at least so say competent judges, or those who consider themselves as such, to give an idea what was the plan of the whole work.

Acting upon this suggestion, Herr Hellmesberger intends completing this torso and then having it performed. Herr Hellmesberger is a clever man, and might, so thinks the humble paragraphist who pens these lines, employ himself more profitably and more sensibly. If Herr Hellmesberger wants a new pair of shoes—the said paragraphist is now indulging in a little sportive allegory—let him have a new pair, but whatever he does let him not attempt to step into a pair of Beethoven's. He would find them horribly too big for him.—*Lord. Mus. World.*

MUSIC IN GERMANY. A "rambling Correspondent" of *Musical World* writes:

Opera in Germany, except in Austria, is now but little heard. Sunday is the principal day for the performance of the lyric drama. On the other days plays national in their expression are chiefly given. In Vienna the Stuttgart tenor, Herr Heinrich Sontheim, and the Berlin tenor, Herr Wachtel, have been starring. There is an excellent local tenor in Herr Wathen, who is not, however, such a powerful singer as either Sontheim or Wachtel, both of whom, like Duprez and Tamburini, have any number of high chest C's at command. Mr. Adams, the English tenor who sang at Covent Garden Theatre, has left Vienna. Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged at Vienna. In Berlin the Operahouse frequenters are anxiously waiting for the return of Pauline Lucca, who went to Pont à Mousson (France) to nurse her wounded husband, the Baron Von Rahden. Frau Harrers-Wippern and Fräulein Lehmann are the leading *prime donne*. The former is known in London; the latter is likely to find her way there—she can act as well as sing. There is a Swedish tenor, Herr Arnoldson, who has made a favorable impression in Berlin as Count Almaviva. Herr Niemann is, however, the great magnet of attraction; he is perhaps now the most declamatory tenor in Europe. Fräulein Muzell has appeared with success as Gabriele in Kreutzer's *Das Nachlager zu Grenada*. Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* has been revived in Berlin, and is, of course, as a martial opera most liked. The soprano part was originally written for Jenny Lind, who was to have sung it in English at Drury Lane Theatre, but broke her engagement to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, for which a jury gave Mr. Bunn £2,500 damages. In the Prussian capital patriotic airs and part songs have been in the ascendant. Herr Taubert and Herr Eckert have composed national appeals; but the music of all this style of music is pitched in one key—there is a sameness which becomes monotonous. Heard from a marching regiment, some of the melodies are stirring enough. The old German repertory is unusually rich in national airs, and there is not a town in which a *kapellmeister* or director is to be found who is not contributing a new work; but the *Wacht am Rhein* maintains its supremacy. *Was blasen die Trompeten of Arndt* (1813) is often heard, as, of course, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland*, also Arndt. Taubert's *Vorwärts*, *Vorwärts* is exciting enough. Dr. F. Hiller's *Zur Wehr* is also a soldier's stimulant. As for the Siegesmarsch, the compositions for the pianoforte are innumerable with names of all the localities where battles have been fought. Whilst music is thus brought to bear to stir up the nation, artists are at work night and day to produce prints of the feats of arms of the Germans. Portraits, photographic and otherwise, appear of all the generals, the royal ones in the ascendant, of course. But not the least curious of these art publications are the caricatures which are to be seen in the windows of every kind of shop in all the leading towns. Some of these prints are of a coarse kind, but the majority are sufficiently droll, and as they were published prior to the precipitate downfall of Imperialism in France, no particular objection could be made for the German humorists to present the Bonapartes in a ridiculous point of view, especially as the example had been set in Paris.

*Cologne, Sept. 17.*

C. L. G.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 22, 1870.

### Symphony Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association announces its Sixth Season of ten concerts. They will begin, with most encouraging auspices, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 3, at half past three o'clock, as heretofore. The subscription for season tickets is larger than ever be-

fore: showing that neither the raising of the price, nor the formidable competition of the Thomas Orchestra, nor the Nilsson coming the same week, has rendered these concerts any the less indispensable to the lovers of good music. The plan of a Public Rehearsal, on the Tuesday before each concert, has been adopted with the hope that it may not only help those who attend the concerts to appreciate the Symphonies, &c., more by hearing them twice over, but also that it may add to the emolument of the musicians, who will receive whatever profit may arise from the rehearsals.

We give, below, the programmes of the ten concerts, so far as they have been determined. The Symphony, however, which is set down for the ninth concert, is contingent on the arrival of the music which has been ordered from Vienna, where it would have to be copied from the manuscript score. It will be seen that the whole series of programmes pivots upon BEETHOVEN, and the centennial anniversary of the great composer's birth. The first and last concerts, as well as that occurring on the 15th of December, two days before the birthday, are to be mainly or entirely of his music. The Choral Fantasia of that fourth concert will be the prelude to the performance of the Ninth or Choral Symphony, in the production of which, a day or two later, the Harvard Association will unite with the Handel and Haydn Society. And, in accordance with the plan suggested by the Committee of the Harvard, that whole week will be filled with Beethoven Concerts given by the several musical Societies, Clubs and individual artists of our city.

The programmes here given offer three of Beethoven's Symphonies, three of his Concertos for the piano, seven of his Overtures (including all the four to *Fidelio* or *Leonore*); the Choral Fantasia, vocal selections from his great opera, &c. The Symphonies chosen for the other concerts bear a historical relation to Beethoven; Haydn and Mozart precede the birthday concert, and Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gade, follow in their order.

The pieces marked with a \* are given for the first time in these Concerts; those with \*\*, for the first time in Boston.

### PROGRAMMES.

#### First Concert, Nov. 3, 1870.

##### I.

- 1 Inaugural Overture. ("Weih des Hauses.") Op. 124. Beethoven.
- 2 \*Sacred Songs from Gellert. Op. 48. .... " No. 4. "The heavens proclaim," &c. " 6. Busslied (Song of Repentance). M. W. Whitney.
- 3 Fourth Piano Concerto, in G.....Beethoven. Hugo Leonhard.

##### II.

- 1 \*Prelude to third Act of "Medea." ..... Cherubini.
- 2 \*\*Bass Aria: "Give me back my dearest Master," from the St. Matthew Passion Music.....Bach. M. W. Whitney.
- 3 Fifth Symphony, in C minor.....Beethoven.

#### Second Concert, Nov. 17.

##### I.

- 1 \*\*First Overture to "Leonore," in C.....Beethoven.
- 2 \*Concerto for the Violin, in A minor.....Viotti. B. Listemann.
- 3 \*Symphonic Poem: "Les Preludes".....Liszt.

##### II.

- 1 \*\*Symphony, in C minor, No. 9.....Haydn.
- 2 Chaconne, for Violin, (with Schumann's piano-forte accompaniment). ....Bach.
- 3 \*Fest-Overture.....Julius Rietz.

#### Third Concert, Dec. 1.

##### I.

- 1 \*\*Second Overture to "Leonore," in C.....Beethoven.
- 2 Aria and Gavotte, from Orchestral Suite in D.....Bach.
- 3 Symphony in C, ("Jupiter")......Mozart.

##### II.

- 1 \*\*Overture to "Faniska".....Cherubini.
- 2 Concerto for Piano-forte.....Beethoven.
- 3 Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber.

#### Fourth Concert, Dec. 15, 1870.

##### BEETHOVEN BORN, DEC. 17, 1770.

##### I.

- 1 Third Overture to "Leonore" ("Fidelio"), in C. Beethoven.

- 2 Scene from "Fidelio;" "Abscheulicher! wo elst du hin?".....Beethoven.
- 3 \*Chorus of Prisoners, from the same.....Orpheus Musical Society.
- 4 Seventh Symphony, in A, op. 92.....Beethoven.

II.

- 1 \*Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet.....Beethoven.
- 2 \*Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus, op. 89. Beethoven.

III.

Ernst Perabo.

#### Fifth Concert, Jan. 5, 1871.

##### I.

- 1 \*\*Overture.
- 2 \*Piano-forte Concerto, in D minor.....Mozart.
- 3 \*Fourth Overture to "Fidelio" ("Leonore") Beethoven.

##### II.

- 1 \*Organ Fugue, in G minor, arranged for the Piano-forte by Liszt.....Bach.
- 2 Symphony in C, No. 9.....Schubert.

#### Sixth Concert, Jan. 26.

##### I.

- 1 \*Vorspiel to "Lohergrin".....Wagner.
- 2 Arias (Contralto): "Erbarume dich," from the St. Matthew Passion Music.....Bach.
- 3 \*\*Piano Concerto, in G minor, op. 58.....Moscheles. (Died 1870).

J. C. D. Parker.

##### II.

- 1 Third Symphony ("Scotch"), in A minor.....Mendelssohn.
- 2 \*Caverture to "William Tell".....Rossini.

#### Seventh Concert, Feb. 9.

##### I.

- #### Third Symphony ("Cologne"), in E flat.....Schumann.

##### II.

- 1 \*Fest-Overture, Op. 50.....Volkmann.
- 2 Piano Concerto, No. 2, in F minor.....Chopin.
- 3 Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann.

#### Eighth Concert, Feb. 23.

##### I.

- 1 Overture to "Medea".....Cherubini.
- 2 \*\*Third Symphony, in A minor.....Gade.

##### II.

- 1 Overture to "Manfred".....Schumann.
- 2 \*\*Entr' acte in "Manfred"....." "
- 3 Suite for Orchestra, in C, op. 101.....Raff.

1 Introd. and Fugue. 2 Minuet. 3 Adagietto.

4 Scherzo. 5. March.

#### Ninth Concert, March 9.

##### I.

- 1 \*\*Symphony, in C, arranged from Grand Duo for Piano (op. 140) by Joachim.....Schubert.
- 2 Arias.....Mozart.
- 3 \*Overture to "Medea".....Bargiel.

##### II.

- 1 \*Symphonic Poem: "Tasso".....Liszt.
- 2 Overture to "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

#### Tenth Concert, March 23.

##### I.

- 1 Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
- 2 Fifth Piano Concerto, in E flat....." "

##### II.

- 2 Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.
- 2 Magnolet, in B flat, (Chorus with Orchestra).....Durante.

By the Cecilia, &c., under direction of A. Kreiss.

- 3 Eighth Symphony, in F.....Beethoven.

IV.

—

Theodore Thomas's Concerts.

The long, rich, almost cloying feast is over. It ended with the Beethoven matinée and the miscellaneous evening concert of last Saturday. The promise of the ten programmes has been fulfilled to the letter,—to a charm. So perfect an orchestra, under such quiet, admirable control, Boston knew not until Thomas came. Whatever was presented, whether symphony or waltz, things classical or of "the future," strains divine or devilish (like some by Liszt), the rendering was nearly all that hearer, or composer even, could wish. The drawbacks were: first, that so many concerts should be crowded into two weeks. But it is only by playing all the time, of course, that so costly an enterprise can pay; it is like having an opera, a theatre upon one's hands. And on the other hand, exhausting as it is to listen to so much in close succession, here were opportunities which mu-

sic-lovers would not willingly forego; for there was too much to be learned, as well as to be enjoyed; and every blessing costs a certain sacrifice. Another drawback was the great length of the programmes, aggravated by more or less indulgence of the encore; but this was almost unavoidable in the solution of the double problem, how to minister largely enough to classical tastes, and at the same time gratify curiosity for new composers, and offer plenty of *bonnes bouches* to the amusement seekers. Another was the large admixture of the strange and questionable element of modern "programme-music," the "Symphonic Poems" and what not of Liszt and Wagner. But here, too, one heartily thanks Mr. Thomas for giving us these opportunities of knowing these things at a distance, before shaking hands with them and getting committed to them in our own concert enterprises; so adequately presented, and so often, one could find out what spirit they are of, and whether he desired more acquaintance.—Shall we hint yet one other drawback,—only felt, of course, by frequent listeners? This namely: that in the very finish and perfection of such playing, where all works together smoothly like an admirable machine in perfect order,—and in the very sweetness of such blended sounds, one feels at last a something cloying, a certain drowsy, dreamy, lotus-like sensation; so that the music, with all its beauty, seems to lack life and reality. This one felt particularly sometimes in the renderings of Beethoven; it seemed as if the thing had got to be done more by heroic acts of faith, the victory to be achieved in spite of one's own imperfections and rude means, by doing greater and better than one commonly knows how. Such great work, to have life and force in it, perhaps, ought not to be done too easily. In the very automatic perfection of the execution, grown to be a habit, the intention of the music may be lost, or strike home to the hearer's heart less vividly; if the picture be too finished, the spirit will elude us. This may seem hypercriticism, but it is certainly not so intended; for Thomas's men are artists, who can enter into the soul of great music; but even artists, even men of genius, do not show their best power in the easy routine of a perfect habit. We have heard the same experience confessed by a listener to one of those admirable Stringed Quartets of the Brothers —— in Germany. The same thing holds of composition; witness the complaint of sameness in so many works of Haydn and Mozart, with whom art had grown so facile and so perfect.

But to the concerts. We have already spoken of the first two,—not so fully as we wished. Of the remainder, the most interesting were the two in memory of Beethoven, when the selections were wholly from his works, and of the noblest. The first, however, was by far too long. The "Eroica" alone, what with pauses between the movements, and the over-slow tempo in which the funeral march was taken, lasted almost an hour (55 minutes)! But it was beautifully played, with such clear, fine outline in the last movements as we have not heard before. Yet sometimes was the *pianissimo* too soft for that hall; nor had the whole work all the *life* with which it sometimes has inspired us in more improvised and rougher renderings. Then came the most poetic of the Piano Concertos, that in G, of which it is enough to say here that it was played with the best skill and style and feeling of Miss ANNIE MEHLIG, so delightfully accompanied that orchestra and solo instrument made up one lovely picture. The cadenzas introduced were those by Moscheles,—perhaps the best there are, only the Moscheles stands out too much before the Beethoven. The *Coriolan* Overture was given with true fire; that, like the *Eugmont*, is one of the pieces in which "every note draws blood." Then came a renewal of a delight of long ago, which long ago, too, had grown hackneyed and lost its charm: the famous Septet, one of the master's earlier perfect works. But by this treatment, balancing the Clarinet, Bassoon and Horn with the entire String Orches-

tra, and with such wonderfully fine rendering, verily it lived and breathed again a new and fresh creation. The parts selected (for the Septet is exceptionally long) were the piquant Theme and Variations, the Scherzo and Finale. The success was perfect; each variation was a new delight; how exquisite in one of them the horn part! The florid cadenza executed at once by all the first violins was certainly a rare feat, but questionable from an artistic point of view. This concert closed with the *Choral Fantasia*, in which the basses of the orchestra steal in upon the free "*fantasiiren*" of the Piano with a whispered theme, yet big with promise of some grander thought and utterance to come, and work it up until the voices break in with a simple sort of people's tune, resembling that in the Ninth Symphony; and as the instruments and voices grow and climb together to a climax, there is more than one anticipation of the sublime effects which have before thrilled us in the Choral Symphony. The whole performance was a success; Miss Mehlig and the Orchestra were in complete *rappor*; and the singing by about a hundred voices from the Handel and Haydn Society, with six good soli, was highly satisfactory.—But when it came to going home, it was too near the eleventh hour!

The second Beethoven Concert (Matinée) was of more wholesome length, and programme truly admirable; to wit:

Symphony No. 8, F, Op. 93.  
Concerto for Piano No. 5, E flat, Op. 73.  
Overture "König Stephan," Op. 117.  
Septet. Op. 20, Theme and Variations, Scherzo and Finale. [By request.]  
Overture. Leonore; No. 3, Op. 72.

The eighth Symphony, which, though often called one of the master's lighter efforts, yet shows him wearing the consummate crown of Art, and is so full of heavenly sunshine as of the after-summer of that sorely tried, that faithful and triumphant life, sounded so serene and beautiful, that one felt that it must have been composed on just such a golden, rare October day as that on which we listened. It was a work fitted to show the finest qualities of the Thomas Orchestra. Never have we heard the *Tempo di Menuetto* and *Trio* rendered so clearly, although the *tempo* might have been still slower to advantage; and the fairy, evanescent, swift finale went to a charm, as well as the deliberate "clock"-like Allegretto. Miss Mehlig, if that were any longer possible, surprised us by her triumphant reproduction of the glories of the E-flat Concerto. The "King Stephen" Overture is but a slight patchwork (for Beethoven) of what seem popular Hungarian themes, yet very bright and pleasing. The Septet colors stood well. The great *Leonore* Overture was indeed a splendid triumph of the orchestra; we have heard them play it before when the fire and soul seemed somewhat smothered; but this time it burned brightly and with full inspiring power.

—Here we are cut short. Of all the rest next time.

The many friends of Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY will welcome her return at the Music Hall on Friday, Nov. 4, the first Niessen Concert in this city. Having received careful training in Europe, she will no doubt realize the hopes of which her full rich voice gave such abundant promise. We are glad to notice that notwithstanding the overshadowing influence of so great an artiste as Niessen, our Boston contralto has achieved a marked success, and elicited warm praise in New York and Philadelphia. She will be the guest of Mr. Lyman W. Wheeler during her stay in the city.

#### WORCESTER COUNTY MUSICAL CONVENTION.— We abridge the following from the *Palladium* of Wednesdays:

The Convention, held last week, at Mechanics' Hall, was superior in character to any of previous years, and more largely attended. The first of the week was allotted to the study of Handel's oratorio of "Samson," Schumann's "Gipsy Life," and some miscellaneous choruses, with one hour of each afternoon set apart for the "matinée." The first concert was given on Wednesday evening, with a programme of miscellaneous selections, under the direction of Mr. C. P. Morrison, author of "The Festival Hymn," with which the concert began. It is a composition of much merit. Handel's fifth concerto, organ solo, received masterly treatment at the hands of Mr. Eugene Thayer. Mr. B. D. Allen's anthem, "And he showed me a pure river," was a source of deep, serene enjoyment. Admirably arranged as a quartet, semi-chorus, and chorus, his rare musical abilities were put in requisition, and the beautiful ensemble proves that we have a composer of rare merit in our midst. An interesting feature of the programme

was the *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore," sung by Miss Tarr and Mr. Richards, with an effective distant chorus of male voices. Mr. Edwin B. Story performed, with splendid execution, a piano solo of Liszt's, proving himself an accomplished pianist. The several choruses of the evening were finely given, with solos creditably performed by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Munroe, and Messrs. Richards, Thompso and Barnabee.

The second concert, on Thursday evening, was a miscellaneous one of much variety in matter and manner. Mine. Bishop made her first appearance in Worcester for twenty-five years. Her voice has been wonderfully preserved, and competent critics assert that, in this period of time, it has lost nothing of its purity and freshness. Certainly, her singing was most enjoyable, artistic, finished to the last degree, and imbued with true expression. Schumann's "Gipsy Life" was most acceptable. Full of the sly fragrance of the woods, fresh and free as the wild life it chanted, it formed a series of musical pictures which were not to be forgotten. The Mendelssohn part song, "Farewell to the Forest," was very well sung. The chorus on this evening was quite fairly balanced, the sopranos exceeding the other parts, however. Mr. Zerrahn's arrangement of tenors and basses in the centre, sopranos and altos on the wings, was an evident improvement on the old method.

The third concert was given on Friday afternoon, by the Boston Orchestral Union and the solo-singers of the week. The hall was filled by an attentive and generally appreciative audience, including the five hundred chorus singers to whom the concert was not the least beneficial part of the week's instruction. The leading feature of the programme was Mozart's Symphony in D major, which seemed in perfect accord with the sweet sunshine of the beautiful October day. The orchestra proved remarkably effective for one of twenty-four members. Especially was this true in their performance of the Air and Gavotte, by Bach. The *Oberon* overture was heard with delight, and the *Vorspiel* from the opera of *Manfred* was favorably received. The vocal triumph of the afternoon, and to us, of the week, was Dr. Guilmette's singing of "It is enough," from *Elijah*. Mine. Bishop sang "Angels ever bright and fair," as we have never before heard it. This, too, was something for life-time remembrance. Mr. Simpson sang "If with all your hearts," with much power and with good method, bating his too great partiality for *portamento*. The well-known *Linda* duet, sung by the two latter vocalists, produced a storm of applause.

The closing concert, on Friday evening, Handel's great oratorio of "Samson" was brought out, before an immense audience, who gave more than usual attention throughout the evening. The choruses, as a whole, were well given. There was occasionally a want of promptness, and at times a little wavering; but the success derived from a winter's study of so great a work, cannot be expected from only five days' practice; and, making due allowance, the oratorio was grandly given. The soloists, comprising the three great stars of the week, were very fine. Mine. Bishop, as Delilah, was magnificent; and her rendering of "Let the Bright Seraphim," a triumph. Her high tones were as clear and telling as clarion notes, and her whole soul being in the music, she seemed electrified and inspired. Mr. Simpson did nobly; his wonderful voice, under perfect control, brought out the music of Samson's role as few real tenors can. His sympathetic tones went far toward making the music effective. Dr. Guilmette rendered the bass airs and recitatives with that refined, artistic expression, so characteristic of his singing; in fine voice, with his faultless phrasing, perfect intonation, and finished style, the music of Harappa was finely given. Mrs. Munroe performed the music assigned her much better than could be expected in so trying a position; being obliged all the week, to sing against her wishes, she could not do herself the credit that she might desire. The accompaniments of the Orchestral Union were highly effective, and the organ, in the skilful hands of Mr. Allen, did noble service.

#### Miss Cushman's Last Gift to the Music Hall.

Miss Charlotte Cushman has added to the many obligations under which she has already placed the art-loving public of Boston by sending over two new busts and medallions by Mathieu, to be placed with her other gifts in the Boston Music Hall. These busts, which are of Gluck and Mendelssohn, will be placed on each side of those already mounted at the back of the hall. The medallions have been slightly injured in transportation by careless packing, but the beauty of their design and execution is apparent at a glance. The first, which is to accompany the Gluck bust, consists of a group of figures, the central and most prominent being a half draped figure, nude to the waist, surrounded by three boys, one of whom grasps a serpent in his extended hand. The group is spirited and full of action. The drapery is particularly graceful, and the whole effect is light, free and sensuous. The bust of Gluck is a work of great artistic merit, the strongly marked features being admirably brought out. The second medallion has suffered more than the first, and its reconstruction will require some little time. It consists of three draped figures, the middle one holding a lyre in one hand while the other arm is extended as though about to strike its chords. In spite of the action which the attitude of this whole group expresses, the effect produced is one of sweet repose and harmony. The bust which is to rest on this support is a beautiful and faithful portrait of Mendelssohn, doing full justice to the delicacy and refinement of the great composer's face, but at the same time showing strength and vigor. Accompanying these last gifts comes a small

bust of Miss Cushman herself. We feel that we are giving utterance to the sentiment of the best portion of our community when we say that it is a duty that Boston owes its famous daughter to give this bust an honorable and conspicuous position in the hall. Miss Cushman has done so much to adorn.—*Eve. Gazette.*

## Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, OCT. 13.—Since my former communication, now a long time ago, we have had almost a stagnation here in musical matters. The present season opened vigorously, however, and the promise is highly encouraging that our musical delights will this year be more and better than ever before.

First on the list comes the ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION, which, as you know, embraces the best talent of the two companies of last season, except the omission of Mr. and Mrs. Rosa. What was plain enough to me last year, namely, that Carl Rosa was an excellent orchestra conductor, bringing everything to an unusually fine degree of finish (that is for an opera orchestra), is very painfully impressed upon me now when I hear the present orchestra under Mr. Behrens. From what I have seen of this gentleman's efforts, I am impressed with the conviction that he is at once deficient in ability quickly to perceive a shortcoming (especially if it occur in an inner voice), wanting in a certain inspiration of command, without which there is no great leader, and lacking in obstinate assertion of his own dignity as Conductor, which ought to make him refuse to go before the public with insufficient rehearsal, on account of the necessary damage to his own reputation (if no higher artistic motive moves him). The orchestral material seems good enough and of passable size; there are about thirty pieces.

To the singers much commendation may be given. The troupe embraces Mrs. Ritchings-Bernard and Miss Rose Hersée, sopranos; Mrs. Zelda Seguin and Mrs. Bowler, altos; Messrs. Wm. Castle and Brookhouse Bowler, tenors; Mr. Alberto Lawrence, baritone; Messrs. S. C. Campbell and Henry Drayton, basses. Besides there are a half dozen or so for accessory parts. The chorus is about the same as that of the Parepa-Rosa troupe last year. The costumes are better, since the present wardrobe combines both those of last year.

The musical management is entirely in the hands of Mrs. Bernard. Of this very superior woman I have a number of things to say, commendatory and otherwise. As a manager she is very efficient. Her energy is unbounded. If she is lacking, it is in that abundant physique which enabled Parepa to laugh at fatigue, and make her appearance at rehearsal, as a rule, in a state of good humor that of itself went far to cause everything to move smoothly. As a singer she has certain mannerisms of holding her head and wrinkling her forehead; and unexpected and unaccountable pianissimos, which have only the effect to create the impression that the singer has fallen through for an instant, but no doubt will presently emerge. Her taste, also, is better in the dramatic than the lyric, and leads her to prefer heavy parts in which her want of adequate voice becomes too apparent. As an actress she is, of course, infinitely beyond Parepa, yet there was a charm in the simple presence of that great prima donna that with the public is more winning than the most elaborate art. Mrs. Bernard shows one intention in the execution of which I bid her God-speed. It is to remove the prompt box from the centre of the stage, and prompt from the wings, as in the drama. In all the operas performed chiefly by her old troupe, this is done. The Parepa singers, however, seem rather wedded to the Italian notion. Miss Hersée is as bright and charming as ever, though she has once or twice sung false this year. Mrs. Seguin is an extreme favorite with our public, and both sings and acts charmingly. Mrs. Bowler has improved in her method of using

her really superior voice, and is a growing favorite with the public. Mr. Castle sings even better than last year, and is still more the adored of the ladies. He shows decided improvement in action and stage presence. Mr. Bowler you know as well as I do. Mr. Lawrence has the misfortune to have parts, very few of which are high enough to suit the best registers of his voice. But whatever he does he does well, and his singing is highly appreciated by our public. Indeed I think it would be difficult to find a singer whose vocal delivery is more irreproachable than this. Campbell, also, has improved, using his beautiful voice with very little of the unpleasant nasal element of which I complained last year. He also shows more ease of action, although I still adhere to my opinion that nature intended him for a Presbyterian preacher. And so at last I come to the greatest actor in the troupe, Mr. Henry Drayton, whose mastery of the art of personation is more perfect than that of any singer I have ever happened to see on the stage, except, perhaps, Miss Adelaide Phillips. Mr. Drayton has appeared as Count Arnhem, Beppo (in *Fra Diavolo*), Marcel (*Huguenots*), Rebboledo (*Crown Diamonds*), and Germont (*Traviata*), and in every one has reached a complete and distinctive success.

The repertory this season is exceedingly varied. In fourteen representations here they have given thirteen different operas; viz.: "Trovatore," "Maritana," "Crown Diamonds," "Fra Diavolo," "Huguenots," "Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "Faust," "Traviata," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lurline," "Postillion of Longjumeau," and "Rose of Castile."

Brookhouse Bowler made a good success as Don César de Bazan (in *Maritana*), but his well-fed, expressive face, and his boisterous method of singing unfit him for pathetic parts. All the performances were somewhat imperfectly rehearsed, an inevitable result when a new opera is given every night; but by the time the troupe gets to Boston (which will be about December 8), these shortcomings will be done away, and I have no doubt you will find the result even more gratifying than last season.

The financial affairs are in the hands of C. D. Hess & Co., who so successfully conducted those of the Parepa troupe last year. I am glad to say that the business here has been excellent.

Our other musical sensations I must defer till another letter, except to mention that our Oratorio Society will give *Elijah* about December 1st, and that Mr. Dudley Buck is giving a series of organ recitals of the first of which I enclose a programme:

Sonata, No. 4, in B flat.....	Mendelssohn.
Allegro con Brolo. Andante Religioso. Allegretto.	
Allegro Maestoso e Vivace.	
Larghetto, from the 4th Quartet.....	Mozart.
Bourrée and Double, from the 2nd Sonata for Violin.	
Transcribed by Best.....	J. S. Bach.
Adagio Religioso.....	F. Liszt.
Theme and Variations, from the "Serenade for Stringed Instruments," Op. 8.....	Beethoven.
Spring Song and Romance, from Op. 68.....	Schumann.
Overture to "Euryanthe".....	Weber.

These promise to be a great advantage to our studious organists, for Mr. Buck's repertory is almost unbounded, and he draws freely from the best and rarest, to give artistic value to these recitals. Mr. Creswold is also giving a series of Sunday afternoon recitals, but as he confines himself to popular selections, chiefly, I hardly need send a programme. There appears to me, however, a question of taste in giving concerts for money in a church Sabbath afternoons.

One of our German societies gives a Beethoven Festival Oct. 25th, producing the Fifth Symphony, Choral Fantasia, etc., under direction of Mr. Grosscurth. The other society have a grand Festival in December, producing the Ninth Symphony, Fidelio, and several other of the greatest works. The whole under Mr. Hans Balatka.

Now, Mr. Editor, for my long letter I can offer only the excuse the boy gave for the long composition,—I got to writing and it wouldn't stop.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

King Macbeth. Song for Baritone. 4. C minor to e flat. *Boott.* 40  
A wild, ghastly song with a lithograph illustrating  
"But there is one room in that castle old,  
In a lonely turret where no one goes,  
And a dead man sits there, stark and cold,  
Whom no one knows."

Birds in the night. A Lullaby. 3. Eb to f. *Sullivan.* 40  
A delicate andante, with a very soothing accompaniment. Sung by Miss Annie L. Cary. Suitable for Mezzo Soprano or Contralto voice. One of the most beautiful songs published in the popular style.

Down by the sea-side, sadly I weep. Ballad and Chorus. 3. Eb to e flat. *Christie.* 40  
With a lithograph.

Gipsy Life. (Zigeuner Leben). Chorus for mixed voices. 4. E minor to g. *Op. 29.* *Schumann.* 50

A splendid animato concert piece, which will be a favorite with our musical societies this winter.

Say, oh beautiful maiden. Barcarolle. 4. E to f sharp. *Gounod.* 40  
"Say, oh beautiful maiden,  
Where will you stray with me;  
Zephyr's, fragrant laden,  
Waft our bark o'er the sea."

Frou-Frou! Comic Song, Dance and Walk around. 1. G to e. *Wilder.* 30  
The Magic Garter. Comic Song. 1. G to e. *Young.* 30

#### Instrumental.

March Victorious. 3. F. *Kahl.* 30  
Written in 6-8 time and in good style.

Christmas Polka. 4. D. *Frenzel.* 30  
Easy of execution, and with a good melody in the polka style.

Trebelli. Polka Mazurka. 4. Eb. *Roubier.* 35  
A charming piece which will be much used. The left hand part is especially easy.

Cradle Song. (Schlafliedchen). 2. Bb. *Frenzel.* 25  
A simple, quiet little melody, well arranged.

Race for Life. Galop brilliant. Four Hands. 4. C. *Op. 87.* *Wels.* 1.00  
Full of life and sparkling brilliancy.

Moonlight Nights. (Flowers, Fruits and Thorns). 18 Morceau. *Op. 82.* *Heller.*

No. 9. Allegretto con grazia. 5. E.	25
" 10. Allegro caratteristico. 4. E.	25
" 11. Andante con moto. 5. Gb.	30
" 12. Molto agitato. 5. Db.	30

Pearly Wave Waltz. 2. D. *Hatch.* 30

#### Books.

PANSERON'S A, B, C, OF MUSIC. Abridged. Boards, 1.00

In preparing this edition, certain additions and explanations have been made which may illustrate the original lessons; and it is offered to the profession in the United States as a work of peculiar value in conducting primary instructions in Vocal Music. A choice selection of Solfeggi by Coneone has been added.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

